

The

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The Paper that puts the Empire first

Lady Houston's Telegram to the Prime Minister

"WHEN the £200,000 offered by me towards the £5,000,000 needed for our Forces of Defence eighteen months ago was refused by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after a delay of several weeks' consideration, I was told privately that Mr. Neville Chamberlain wished to accept my offer, but the Prime Minister would not permit this.

"Afterwards I was asked if I would give this same sum of £200,000 to form an Air Defence for London, which was, and still is, the only capital in Europe that has no defence against an invasion from the air.

"I agreed to do this, but after another delay this was also refused, not by the Minister in

charge, but by order of the Prime Minister.

"Every paper to-day takes up this crying need for the defence of London which still exists.

"Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Sutherland, Viscount Cecil, Lord Lloyd and Admiral Sueter are all voicing their indignation of this shameful neglect of the Government, and therefore I gladly renew my offer of £200,000, and I am willing to give this sum for the Air Defence of London.

"Will the Government still dare to refuse this offer?"

LUCY HOUSTON

S.Y. "Liberty," Sandbanks.

ref. 25

Notes of the Week

Air—The Truth

LORD LLOYD says, with reference to our inadequate Air Force: "I do not understand why we did not proceed with the scheme laid down in 1923, with a minimum of 52 squadrons, of which force we are now 10 squadrons short."

"The reason why," says LADY HOUSTON, "is simple—Ramsay MacDonald dare not offend Russia. The British public do not realise the fact that they are being governed by Soviet Russia—as is proved by Ramsay MacDonald's subservience when he said, 'By hook or by crook, diplomatic relations must be established with Russia.'"

A Glorious Achievement

Lord Londonderry (writes A.A.B.) opened an exhibition of photographs of *The Times*, at which Major Astor, M.P., who presided, said that Lord Londonderry by his presence was paying a tribute to a very remarkable achievement—viz., the Flight over Everest, in which the Royal Air Force played a most distinguished part. A little later Lord Londonderry expressed in adequate terms the admiration he felt for the Flight over Everest.

As a nation and as an Empire, we owed a great debt of gratitude to the pioneers who banded together and carried out what has resulted not only in what he might call a spectacular flight, but a remarkable feat of aviation, ranking as the highest plane of intrepid achievement. He would like to congratulate those who were foremost in the undertaking, Lord Clydesdale, etc.

Mean and Dishonourable

Major Astor and Lord Londonderry are perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the Mount Everest Expedition. Everybody knows that that intrepid adventure could never have been attempted without the generosity of Lady Houston, who financed the whole show. Yet not one mention of her name was made either by Lord Londonderry or Major Astor, which strikes me as not only ungrateful, but as a very mean and dishonourable omission on the part of those two gentlemen. It is true that Major Astor, in sending Lady Houston a medal to commemorate the ascent, invited her to send a message to be read at the luncheon given to the chief participators in that remarkable feat of aviation.

Lady Houston wrote a message to be read at the luncheon, in which she explained that her chief motive in finding the money for the adventure was to show the Indians that England was no

longer composed of cowards at a time when it appeared that the Indians greatly required such a lesson. Major Astor calmly suppressed Lady Houston's message purely on the grounds that it savoured of politics. Surely a lady who pays the bill is entitled to explain to the world her object in doing so? I cannot help thinking that Major Astor's conduct on this occasion was both tactless and impertinent, plainly dictated by a desire to please *The Times*.

Littera Scripta . . .

Who is primarily responsible for the publication of Lord Oxford's Letters to Mrs. Harrison? Presumably Mrs. Harrison herself, and probably Mr. Cyril Asquith, the "Cys" of the Letters. Mrs. Harrison, to judge by the various woodcuts which have appeared in the papers, is not what is called a "good-looker"; but charm she must have had, for she is entitled to boast the triumph of "a letter'd heart."

The Letters themselves are not particularly interesting, except as showing that a deep vein of romance ran underneath so rugged a character as Lord Oxford's. What is really remarkable is the amount of time and space that is devoted to the game of golf in these pages. Lord Asquith was very much of a rabbit, and I doubt if his handicap was ever less than fourteen.

It is interesting to note the number of Prime Ministers who wrote love-letters in their declining years. There was Lord Carteret, the first Lord Granville, who regularly opened the Cabinet proceedings by reading to them his love-letters, but as they were written in Latin presumably Lord Hardwick and the Duke of Newcastle were somnolently acquiescent.

For Breakfast—Port and Chops

Then there was the romance between Lord Palmerston and his Emma, of which Mr. Guedalla has given us so touching a picture. Palmerston, on his death bed, confided to Em that he had never before discovered how excellent a breakfast port wine and chops made. But the greatest romantic of all, of course, was Lord Beaconsfield, who wrote letters to Lady Bradford, at the age of seventy-six, which were a mixture of politics, love and social gossip. Disraeli explained that, though his body was old, his heart was young, and he pursued Lady Bradford, who was a grandmother, with the devotion of a Romeo. His Letters are vastly entertaining, though I shall always maintain that Lady Beatrice Pretymann did a dirty trick when she sold them to Lord Zetland, because the letters which Disraeli received from Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield never appeared. He was too much of a gentleman for that. This is not what I call fair "do's."

The Problem of the Dole

The New Dole Bill, officially known as the Unemployment Relief Bill, was introduced by Sir Henry Betterton, the Minister for Labour, in a conciliatory and comprehensive speech. The main principle of the Bill is the assumption by the nation of the task of relieving the able-bodied unemployed, who are outside the scope of any Insurance system. The position and prospects of the insured, that is, those who have acquired qualification by the payment of twenty-six contributions to the Insurance Fund, is not much interfered with, except that their relief, after their insurance is exhausted, has been raised from six months to one year.

The position of the uninsured creates a great difficulty. They were formerly dealt with by the Boards of Guardians, who recently became the Public Assistance Committees of the County Councils. The crux of the whole matter is: How is the expense of relieving the able-bodied unemployed to be met? The Means Test, and the rate of relief, are to be settled by a new body, called the Unemployment Commissioners, who exercise their duties from London and are responsible to the Minister of Labour, who in turn is responsible to Parliament.

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Who is to Pay?

In what proportion is the expense of maintaining these registered able-bodied unemployed to be shared between the National Exchequer and the Local Authorities? The Local Authorities will naturally say: We object to paying the ratepayers' money on the relief of the poor, over whom we have no control, and have no voice in their selection. It has been proposed that Local Authorities should defray 60 per cent. of the cost, and the National Exchequer 40 per cent. I have seen it stated that the National Exchequer at present pays 50 per cent. of the cost, and the Local Authorities 10 per cent. At any rate, it is over this question of £ s. d. that the battle will be waged.

The Labour Party maintain that a man who is out of work is the victim of the capitalistic system and that therefore the whole cost of giving him relief should be borne by the State. That, however, will never be until the capitalistic system of private profit is abolished, for which we shall have to wait till the Socialist Party is in power. In the meantime, it is amusing to note how absolutely indifferent the whole body of tax-payers and ratepayers are to this question. The newspapers devote pages of illustrations and comments to the prize-fight at the Albert Hall, and only a few lines to the Unemployment Relief Bill.

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The British Bullfight

To my mind, writes A.A.B., prize-fighting is only on degree removed from the Spanish bull-

fighting in brutality. Do the fair sex, who crowd in such numbers, I am told, to the Albert Hall, know that there are two blows, one behind the ear, and the other at the point of the chin, which are fatal, and do they come to see how near one man may come to killing another? Are giants heroes like Carnera and others, who correspond to the toreador and the matador in Spain, such popular favourites with English ladies? The prize-ring is the nearest modern equivalent to the ancient amphitheatre, and I am surprised that the Government, which regards lottery as a sin, can permit such disgusting exhibitions as that at the Albert Hall last week.

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Cause and Effect?

Perhaps we should congratulate ourselves in having a constant reader, and one who is ready to make appropriate use from his own point of view of the information we provide, in Dr. Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of National Enlightenment and Propaganda. On November 11 we published an article entitled "Nazi Plots in Tanganyika: Anti-British Propaganda that must be Stamped Out." We presume that the Herr Doktor read, marked, learned and inwardly digested that article, because, just a fortnight later, a message from Dar-es-Salaam to the *Morning Post* stated that instructions from him were now being given to the Nazi leaders in the Territory that they were not to embarrass and retard by their "stupid tactics"—it will be recalled they had boldly come out into the open—the movement for the return of the former German colonies. *Ach, so! Underground, eh?*

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THE SONG OF A SHIRT

[*"Lady Houston's shirt . . . is red, white, and blue."*]

Hark the trumpets! hark the drums!
A great procession this way comes,
Bearing on a shaggy yak
The Shirt beneath a Union Jack.
Stately maidens, with great care,
Take it to the wash-tub there,
"Shove it in the soapy water
(Even if it makes it shorter).
Poke it under, persevere,
The dyes will *never* run, my dear,
Rub it, scrub it, you *can't* hurt
Such a patriotic shirt!"
Squeeze it, wring it, with a shout
Of "Rule, Britannia!" shake it out.
Hang it out upon the line,
Tie it up with British twine,
Let it flap there, dripping wet—
THE SHIRT ON WHICH THE SUN WON'T SET.
(With acknowledgments to the "*Sunday Dispatch*.")

The Tortoise Puts His Head Out

By A.A.B.

GOADED by the murmurs in his own party and the pinpricks of the Press the Tortoise Baldwin was encouraged to put his head out, and delivered a very fine speech, worthy of his position and adequate to the occasion. Equality of status being accepted, Mr. Baldwin pointed out that there were three courses open to them.

(1) That the heavily armed Powers should disarm down to Germany's level, for the next five or eight years, agreeing to do nothing to increase their own armaments. This course may at once be dismissed as impossible and not practical politics. You cannot expect Powers that have spent millions in fortifications and heavy guns to destroy all this expenditure in order to reduce themselves to the level to which Germany was reduced by the Treaty.

Unbolt Your Doors

The second course was to wait until Germany had armed up to, let us say, France's level. Mr. Baldwin explained that England had admitted disarming herself in order to set an example to the world and to convince other people of her own sincerity. This strikes me as being about as sensible as it would be for householders to dispense with locks and bolts in order to convince the world of the sincerity of their belief in the efficacy of the police.

The third course open to them was to join in a universal competition in armaments. If this course were adopted, Mr. Baldwin added, life would not be worth living, and he wound up by a very fine peroration in which he described England and France as the joint guardians and trustees of a type of civilisation which he hoped they would long combine to preserve.

So far, so good. The Tories were delighted that their leader had at last put forth his head and had delivered an articulate speech.

The Air Peril

But, alas! the Tortoise had reckoned without his Admiral. A few days later Admiral Sueter moved (1) an expression of grave disquiet at the inadequacy of our Air defence; (2) an insistence on a one-power standard for Great Britain; (3) a demand for the early completion of the home defence force of 52 squadrons, which ten years ago Mr. Baldwin declared to be the minimum for our national security, and which has never been built.

The Tortoise was very much alarmed. If, he asked, the House of Commons adopt this Resolution, what will Germany think of us?

How can we persuade the world of our sincerity? He quite admitted that Britain had lagged behind and was in a dangerous position, in which she could not continue in safety.

Unexpectedly, two saviours appeared in the persons of Wing-Commander James and Captain Dunstan, who was Sir Neville Chamberlain's private secretary, and who moved an amendment to Admiral Sueter's motion to the effect that the House confirms its full support of the policy of His Majesty's Government in working for the objects laid down in the British Draft Convention. This Amendment was eagerly clutched at by the Tortoise. Mr. Baldwin, having admitted that we cannot indefinitely remain as we are, declared the Government's willingness to accept the Amendment, and having thus knocked off the effective clauses of Admiral Sueter's motion, he gladly accepted the meaningless wording of a Government bonnet, and a Minister's secretary.

Back Into His Shell

The Tories were delighted, and went off chuckling to themselves at the thought that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The Tortoise, having peered cautiously round, rapidly withdrew his head into his shell, for fear a naughty French boy might hit it.

In the House of Lords, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Cecil all painted lurid pictures of London being destroyed in forty-eight hours. Even the pacific Bob Cecil admitted that we were powerless to defend ourselves against a hostile air attack. We cannot nowadays, said the Duke of Sutherland, wait to finish our game of bowls until the Armada appears.

The question is whether Germany or France will wait until such time as our still further disarmament should create what the Tortoise calls the best atmosphere possible for Conversations leading to a Convention. The Poplar Pantaloon had scribbled on a bit of paper the speeches of the Noble Lords, which he handed to our Government. Mr. Baldwin attempted to laugh the matter off, saying that he knew nothing of what had been said in the House of Lords. The matter, however, is far too serious to be disposed of by a pedantic reference to a Standing Order which prevents a quotation from speeches made in the same Session in the House of Lords.

The Government's Two Voices on India

By "KIM"

IN the recent debate on the Indian "Reforms," Sir Samuel Hoare, surely the most petulant of all Cabinet Ministers, wound up a bitter speech which carried little conviction in the House with the word, "I may tell my Rt. Hon. Friend the Member for Epping, we shall welcome an opportunity of taking a direct issue in the Voting Lobby."

The applause he received was half-hearted, and when the House emptied Members in the Lobbies realised in this veiled threat to Mr. Winston Churchill that the Government intended to force through their schemes willy-nilly for the dismembering of India's unity by the power of the Party machine, and that the enormous opposition their Diarchy scheme at the centre has aroused is to be entirely disregarded.

Splitting the Party

Like the Juggernaut, they will drive it over the bodies of their supporters and reck not of the carnage that will ensue in the constituencies as a result. Certainly they will split the Party from end to end with tragic consequences.

Have they counted the cost, or do they imagine they can pursue their present methods of evasion and equivocation until at length they can present the country with a *fait accompli* and, on the pretext that it is too late to draw back, compel the acceptance of the policy which was never at issue at the last General Election and is repugnant not only to a great proportion of Conservatives but to their most staunch and valued adherents?

If so, the ancient tag of our schoolboy days, "*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementa*," applies with a terrible applicability.

In the debate referred to Mr. Winston Churchill presented a grave indictment against the Government, which struck at the very root of their *bona fides*. Leaving aside the merits or demerits of the proposals now before the Indian Joint Committee, the charges brought by Mr. Churchill were based on the casuistry of the Secretary of State for India in order to overcome opposition and place the White Paper proposals as a whole upon the Statute Book.

Afraid of a Vote

The Government, he declared, while constantly assuring Parliament and the Conservative Party that we are not committed in any way beyond the Act of 1919, and appealing on every occasion to await the report of the Joint Committee, are, in fact, doing everything in their power to drive forward their policy and to make it impossible for Parliament to recede from it. They speak, as he said, with two voices, one for Home, and another for India, and varied even this voice among home audiences according to their character.

On every occasion when the White Paper has been on the agenda of any big patriotic conference or meeting, instead of facing a direct issue *they have never dared to seek a vote in favour of their policy*. All they have done is to table an amendment or a Motion to approve their caution until the Report of the Joint Committee is issued.

This sounds reasonable to many Conservatives who ardently desire not to split the Party, but the suspicious fact remains that we have been staved off, first under one pretext and then another, on the grounds of preserving an open mind, while behind the scenes something very different is in progress. Every preparation is being made in India, it is alleged, to bring the policy into actual effect, while hoodwinking us in Britain.

While the Viceroy in India promises in effect Dominion Status, so that under the Statute of Westminster the Indian people could secede from the British Empire, Sir Samuel Hoare says that what he has in mind has no more to do with the right of secession than the man in the moon.

Who can trust a Government speaking with two voices like that? And who is hoodwinking us? The Government under the headings of patronage and pressure have to face grave charges of misusing their power to blunderbuss all opponents to their will.

A Packed Committee

Again, they keep protesting that most of the men who have held high and responsible posts in India support the White Paper proposals. Those who have read the press reports of the evidence tendered before the Joint Committee know how incorrect is this statement, and Sir Henry Page Croft has challenged the Government on this ground alone, alleging that thousands of Anglo-Indians and the larger proportion of those who are leaving India are joining the India Defence League.

Again, Lord Lloyd, in his interchange of letters with Sir Samuel Hoare, has proved that the majority of the Members of the India Joint Committee are committed beforehand to the Government's plan! It is, as Sir Henry Page Croft said openly in Parliament, a packed Committee.

But I warn Conservative electors that, unless they take steps to obtain a definite pledge from their member, one fine day, like the foolish virgins, they will be too late. India will be handed over—lock, stock and barrel—by the joint efforts of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with appalling results. It is high time the rank and file of Conservatives took a direct hand in checking the intrigue which has gone to such dangerous lengths.

THE MENACE OF JAPAN AT HOME—

Japan's Attack on British Trade

The Bitter Cry of Lancashire

By Robert Machray

FOR the British public and the Empire generally there is no subject, fact or problem, even in these difficult and dangerous times, of more urgent importance in its downright sheer immediacy than what may justly be called the Japanese offensive against British trade.

That trade is the very life-blood of our people is a truism, but it seems often to be forgotten that our trade must be supported and defended with all our might and main if it is to be preserved, to say nothing of its being increased. Japan's invasion of our markets at home, in India and the East, in the Colonies and elsewhere, is far and away the most serious direct assault ever made on our whole economic position.

Last week's debate in the House of Commons on the Japanese attack—competition is much too slight a word—gave precious cold comfort to Lancashire, whence had come, and continues to come, an exceedingly bitter cry, as it is the principal victim. Speaking generally, Lancashire has lost five-sevenths of its export trade.

Between January and September, this year, the exports of Japanese piece goods exceeded those of Lancashire for the first time in history for a like period. In Manchester traders have been compelled to buy artificial silk from Japan to supply their Eastern customers. In Macclesfield the silk industry is in desperate straits. Besides, not one of the old strongholds of Lancashire inside or outside the Empire but is being subjected to the inroads of the Japanese.

Yorkshire's Turn Next

Further, it is being suggested in competent quarters that Yorkshire may soon have to follow Lancashire in seeing its markets lost to Japan, who may also soon have to be reckoned with in heavy engineering, for some of the finest coal and iron ore in the world is found in Manchuria. Written by a man with 30 years' experience of Japan, the long and important letter, fathered by Sir Herbert Austin, which was published in *The Times* the other day, can only increase the feeling of apprehension and alarm.

Everywhere the story is the same—in India, Burma and Ceylon; in Central and South America; in Africa—notably in Tanganyika. In Egypt our Commercial Secretary recently reported that the "phenomenal progress" of the Japanese had "completely dislocated the markets." Egypt and the Sudan are great cotton-growing countries; and in this connection it is highly instructive respecting future possibilities to note that some months ago a group of Japanese industrialists secured from the Abyssinian Government the con-

cession of a tract of fertile land for the cultivation of cotton. The extent of the area mentioned—a thousand acres—is certainly not large, but it is the first step that counts, and this will do for a start. It must be regarded as part and parcel of Japan's whole trade offensive.

Not Cricket

There can really be no dispute about the far-reaching range of that offensive or of its disastrous effects on British trade; but it remains to be added that Japanese action does not carry with it anything like clean, honest, legitimate competition. Japan is not playing the game. We have the right to emphasise the unequal working conditions in Japan, the intentional depreciation and constant manipulation of Japanese currency, the State subsidies to Japanese shipping, and, what is particularly mean and altogether sinister, the fraudulent imitation of designs and trade marks. Mr. Runciman stigmatized the copying of designs and trademarks—"a form of dishonesty," he said, "that any Government should do its best to suppress."

Of course, these words were addressed to the Japanese Government, but what is our own Government doing to check and repel the Japanese attack? Negotiating, that is, talking, talking—with long gaps of silence in between, when positive, definite action is required at once. Inaction on our part suits Japan only too well; so long as her offensive is not held up she is prepared to go on talking for ever and ever.

A Nonsensical Statement

Mr. Runciman's curious suggestion that it might be necessary for the Western countries to stand together in a common economic cause, and his plaintive statement that it would be well for Japan to live on a friendly footing with the rest of the world rather than arouse general enmity, are plainly ridiculous in view of the fact that Japan remained quite unmoved by the unanimous condemnation of the League of Nations *vis-à-vis* her policy towards China.

To paraphrase a famous sentence, the resources of our Government as regards our trade are not exhausted; they have been but slightly drawn on, as in West Africa. Let them be employed to the full! And from what is known of Japanese mentality, there need be no hesitation in saying that the result will be not only the stopping of the Japanese offensive, but also a marked increase in the respect of Japan for ourselves, for firm action is the kind of thing she understands, governing herself accordingly.

—AND IN AFRICA

Japanese Inroads in East Africa

Should the Congo Basin Treaties be Denounced?

By F. S. Joelson

(Founder and Editor of "East Africa")

THE greatest menace to British trade in East Africa is unquestionably Japanese competition. Many months ago, leading commercial bodies in those Dependencies urged revision of the Congo Basin Treaties in order that Empire commerce might be given the protection to which it has every right; but nothing has been done, and British manufacturers, British export merchants, British shipping companies and British importers in East Africa have had to sit and watch what two or three years ago was a mere trickle from Japan develop into a threatening torrent.

Last week the Commons resolved:

"That this House views with grave concern the increasing inroads made in the trade of this country through Japanese competition, and urges the Government to state its intention, in the event of satisfactory quota arrangements not being made by agreement with Japan, to take immediately all steps within their power to minimise the competition of Japanese imports, both in home and Empire markets, freeing themselves, if necessary, from engagements which would prevent effective steps from being taken."

Blind to the Danger

A problem of this magnitude might have been expected to receive discussion as an urgent Government affair, but it was merely the luck of the ballot which enabled a private member to table the above motion. Even now the House apparently does not realise the full gravity of the danger. Though the debate occupies sixty-one columns of *Hansard*, all the references of all the speakers to all articles other than textiles would, if gathered together, probably not fill the odd column! Our politicians thus appear to share the delusion of the man in the street that it is merely our overseas textile markets which Nippon is rapidly capturing. They think of the Japanese trade offensive in terms of cotton piece goods, silk and artificial silkware, whereas the dumping—for it can be termed nothing else when measured against the lowest possible costs of production in Great Britain—to-day covers an immense range of articles, including motor-cars, bicycles, cement, electric light bulbs, axes, hoes, cooking utensils, boots and shoes, matches, fountain pens, lead pencils, socks, handkerchiefs, khaki cloth, macaroni, beer, and even whisky.

A £75 Car

Within the last few weeks Japanese motor-cars have for the first time reached at least two East African ports, Mombasa and Beira. In the first case, even after paying an import duty of £15, the car can be sold in the neighbourhood of £75 and still yield the importer a handsome profit.

What British factory can hope to stand against such competition? In the first six months of 1933 British exports of motor vehicles to the British East and Central African Dependencies exceeded the corresponding 1932 figures by 66 per cent. If that rate of increase be maintained for the second half of the year—in which trade conditions generally have improved—and if the ex-factory cost per vehicle be put at £250, which is low considering that lorries are included in the statistics, the territories will in this difficult year have spent with British motor manufacturers some £110,000 more than in 1932—an encouraging index of the potential importance to British motor manufacturers of the East African territories, which, once conditions improve, could double, treble or quadruple their purchases of British vehicles.

Is Japan, having seized more than four-fifths of Lancashire's trade with East Africa, to be allowed to smash our motor export trade to the territories at the moment of its first real activity? Until we regain fiscal freedom by revision or abrogation of the Congo Basin Treaties, there is nothing to stop such competition. While officialdom procrastinates, Japan opens new markets, thereby establishing vested interests, for which some *quid pro quo* will be sought when at last force of circumstances and public opinion compel Government action.

Need of Empire Solution

During the Commons debate, the Government was challenged to deny that Japan had stipulated that any agreement made with Great Britain should be limited to this country, East Africa, Palestine, Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, and that the Japanese Government, although it intended to co-operate, would not necessarily be bound by any resulting decisions. As no Government spokesman attempted to deny the charge, it is presumably accurate. From the Empire standpoint an Empire, not a piecemeal, solution is obviously essential, and no agreement between British and Japanese industrialists will be of any use unless it is binding, and unless the respective Governments pay their part.

Japan's foreign trade in the first nine months of this year exceeded that for the first three-quarters of last year by £40,000,000. Thus, when world export is seriously reduced, Japan's shipments are at unprecedentedly high levels, thanks chiefly to low costs of production, the purchase before she went off gold of enormous quantities of cotton at the bottom of the market, and State subsidies to Japanese ships.

The managing director of a well-known City shipping house wrote me a few days ago :

"The greatest menace to the prosperity of this country is Japanese competition. To suppose that economic forces in Japan will within any reasonable time raise their costs is to live in a fool's paradise. Only a short while ago their female population, which is now very largely employed in the factories, was earning no wages at all, so that the 6s. to 10s. weekly now received is to them comparative wealth. It took this country nearly a century to advance from the low standard of living in the very early Victorian period to the present standard, and if we are to wait for the same evolution in Japan to bring their costs up to Western ideas, there will be no trade left in the Western countries to maintain any standard of living, with the exception of a small exclusive trade in high grade goods, and that can never maintain the work-

ing population of this densely populated country. Our factories, however well organised and equipped, cannot compete with Japan's present wages and a depreciated yen of 40 per cent. Nothing but equalising tariffs will put us on level terms. Meanwhile, our workers remain idle, our steamers run half empty, and our merchants see order books blank."

That is the position to be faced. From the East African standpoint it is complicated by the fact that Japan is a large purchaser of Uganda cotton and Kenya soda. Even if that state of affairs were likely to continue, it would not justify the present British inaction; but, determined that it shall not continue, the Japanese have just secured large concessionary areas in Abyssinia for the special purpose of cotton growing.

INDIAN SUNSET

The Babu in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone;
His customs are repulsive,
His morals all his own.
A chance to graft and plunder
Is what he's waiting for,
And I rather think he'll get it
From Kind Sir Samuel Hoare.

The ryot in his blindness
Prefers the British Crown;
It curbs the politician;
It keeps the usurer down.
To priest and prince and trader
It gives their due—no more,
But that's all going to be changed
By nice Sir Samuel Hoare.

The Briton in his blindness
Is somewhat slow to act;
He liked the Joint Committee
—Until he found it packed.
Thought he, this strange White Paper
It's certain to ignore;
He did not know the pass was sold
By good Sir Samuel Hoare.

Lord Irwin in his blindness
Put Gandhi at his ease,
And let the Indian Congress spill
Sedition on the breeze,
Till our prestige fell lower
Than e'er it fell before,
Though not so low as it must go
With dear Sir Samuel Hoare.

And when with graft and jabber
The Babu rules the land,
When British justice gets the boot,
And British trade is banned;
When cunning rules the Council,
And graft controls the Board,
When the bunyia draws his profits,
And the Moslem draws his sword;
When murder stalks in India
As it stalked in Midnapore,
Perhaps they wont think quite so well
Of brave Sir Samuel Hoare.

HAMADRYAD.

War in the Air

By LORD LLOYD of Dolobran

"LE maître de l'air sera le maître de la guerre," said a writer in the *Matin* not long ago. The belief of this French publicist gets striking confirmation from the Russian Minister of War, who has written an open letter to his workers containing this sentence: "Whoever has the strongest air force dominates the air, and he who is strongest in the air is strongest all round."

The United States has a strong air force and an extensive programme of development—the President has authorised an immediate expenditure of three millions on aircraft construction. Japan has embarked upon a programme of large increases in her air forces and has voted an immense sum of money to carry out this programme.

France has an air force double the strength of our own, and Germany, though she is debarred from building military aeroplanes, has the fastest and potentially the most formidable type of aeroplanes yet invented.

Other countries, therefore, seem to be aware of the startling change that has come over the world with the development of aerial transport. But I sometimes wonder how many people in this country, especially among the older generation, realise the immensity and the lightning rapidity of that change, especially as it affects us.

"The Air is the Future"

Twenty years ago this island was, as it had been for centuries, "a fortress built by Nature for herself, against infection and the hand of war." The silver sea was our natural fortification, but in the air there are no natural fortifications—and the air is the future element of world transport, both in war and peace.

To argue, therefore, that, if we take measures to improve our air defences or advise the strengthening of our air craft or personnel, we are acting in a jingo spirit, arousing suspicions of our sincerity or injuring the cause of peace, is simply to give evidence that we have not understood the change that has come over the world.

In so many departments of our public life, we find those in authority looking back to the past that is gone beyond recall, and never turning forward to the future that is pressing so urgently upon us. We are told that only the fool is certain to-day—that he only is wise who has the wit and the courage to realise that we live in an age of transition when all is unsure.

Surely it requires no great wit to arrive at the conclusion that mankind lives and has always from its birth lived in a state of transition. We pass from one age of transition to another age of transition, and the real difference between our own age and all others is that the speed of the passage has been immensely increased. Development is no longer gradual, limited and slow, giving time for gentle measures of adjustment—it is swift and far-reaching. And the wit and courage we need are the wit to comprehend its extent and the courage to adjust ourselves with speed and determination.

Our Miserable Air Defences

Have we, for instance, realised that immense change in our strategical—almost in our geographical—position that has taken place in the last twenty years—and is still taking place? And have we done anything to adjust ourselves to the change and to help our people to think in the new terms?

In 1923 the Imperial Committee of Defence, having considered the whole problem in detail, reported that a force of 52 squadrons of aeroplanes was the minimum necessary for our security. Here is 1933—in ten years air transport has developed, the air forces of other countries have been increased, but we have not built even the 52 squadrons that were the essential minimum ten years ago.

More than that, we have done very little to train a cadre capable of rapid expansion in time of emergency or to build up a proper reserve of personnel. And we have done nothing at all to instruct the civilian population in the nature of the new dangers which may overtake them from the air, or in the measures which they could take to minimise their effect upon themselves.

Disarmament Twaddle

In reply to all this we are told that we have reduced our air force and taken little or no measures for our security in the hope of attaining universal agreement upon disarmament. We are told that our apathy conduces to this desirable end because it sets an example to the world. For ten years we have been setting that example only to find that it is an example which nobody is prepared to follow.

Then we are told that if we start building even up to the low limit laid down as essential for security, we shall be initiating a race in

armaments which will end in misery and destruction.

But we are not so often told that already Japan and Russia are arming in the air against one another, that America is building large additions to her air fleet: that all this is happening in spite of our reductions and our insecurity: and that in reality nothing that we can do to obtain greater security for ourselves will have any effect at all upon the air programmes of other powers.

Finally, we are told that Germany would think it a proof of insincerity on our part, if we set about securing our own defences and that it would have a disastrous effect upon the negotiations now in progress or in contemplation. That seems to me to be the feeblest argument of all. If any European country is going to go suddenly mad and accuse Great Britain of insincerity on the ground that we are securing our own defences, that country will certainly not be Germany.

Is not the truth just this—that we have been running after a disarmament convention so madly that we have lost all sense of proportion? So that we dare not even admit to ourselves that the methods that we have adopted

to secure peace have been proved to be wrong methods.

"Peace," as a Government spokesman rather surprisingly admitted the other day, "ultimately is a matter of will and not of armament."

If there are any countries in the world which have a will to peace, they are our own country and the United States of America. America builds aeroplanes for security and as part of a programme of economic reconstruction. We admit the same needs—as to security, our need is much greater than America's—but we are afraid to act, afraid of the possible consequences, afraid of what this or that nation will say, afraid to acknowledge and to profit by our own mistakes, afraid to trust in our own vision of the future.

There is a story of Rudyard Kipling's called "The Night Mail"—a story of a hundred years hence. In it you will find one of the characters saying as their airship flies up the St. Lawrence to Quebec—"It is astonishing how the old waterways still pull us children of the air."

Whether we like it or not, our children will be children of the air, and it is high time for their sakes that our Government realised it.

The English Gentleman

By Bryant Irvine

THERE is now probably a general agreement that money alone does not make a gentleman. And in a negative way we can eliminate a great many other qualities which are often found. But what would be the answer if six people in a London Tube were asked what their positive demands would be in deciding what a gentleman was? I fear there would be a good many who would claim that one essential was a black coat.

I recently travelled in a train through the depressed industrial area of Kent, north of Maidstone. Nearly every worker was dressed in clothes which would have been very suitable in Bond Street, but which could hardly have been less suited to the life they were engaged on at the moment. And are we not all aware of examples of boys who take a black-coated job in towns, at a wage far lower than one which is offered them for far more useful and healthy work, which is not quite so "respectable"?

Mr. Baldwin has been addressing his mind to these problems. When presented with an honorary Degree at Queen's University, Belfast, he said, "The accumulation of knowledge is not enough

for the whole man. You want it, and here again I think it is an essential qualification of the great word 'gentleman' in its best sense. You want ability to find guidance of spirit, guidance which in the world enables you to detect gold from dross."

There are, of course, many who think that education makes a gentleman. But academic learning of itself, which passes so often for education, is certainly not enough. Too often the University is looked upon as a qualification which will bring in an additional hundred pound a year through life. That stultifies the whole object of the University, and yet it is doubtful whether many of the newer Universities have any other ideal before them. Education, as Mr. Baldwin says, is one part. But the real essential is that quality which enables a man to "detect gold from dross."

Every moment of our lives we are making decisions. If we have that essential quality of detection we shall lead a very different life from those who have not. What it really means is that you have the power to choose good and reject evil. And that is what most people call taste.

SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.

But the indifference to the opinion of the electorate was common to many Conservative Members of Parliament who had not marched with the times, and formed a sharp contrast to the attitude of Labour Members, who freely mingled with their constituents and were careful not to offend their more "extreme" supporters. Lord Brentford once observed in an address to the Anti-Socialist Union that the strength of every Party lies in its extreme wing. This truth was unfortunately not sufficiently appreciated by those Conservatives whose policy was to placate their enemies and alienate their friends. The cricket spirit so freely displayed towards their opponents was too often lacking in their relations with their own side. Whilst making perpetual concessions to Socialism, they made none to true democracy; they did not trouble to keep in touch with the rank and file; they did not encourage, indeed they often actually discouraged, their most ardent supporters. What wonder, then, that when election time came round it proved no easy matter to rouse their constituents to enthusiasm? The electors well remembered the oratory those same members had employed five years earlier, the visions they had conjured up of what they would do if they were returned to Parliament; yet, once they had taken their seats, their interest in these questions seemed to vanish and "parliamentary paralysis" had overcome them. It was with difficulty that they could be persuaded even to be present at important debates. At the moment of writing, this habit of absenteeism has begun to disturb the equanimity of Mr. Baldwin himself, and reprimands are being addressed to slackers. A better remedy would surely be to appoint candidates whose zeal for the cause would obviate the necessity for either whips or Ministerial reproofs in order to ensure their attendance. As long as candidates are chosen, not for their personal worth or ability, but according to the amount they can contribute towards their election expenses, this spirit of indifference will continue to pervade the Tory benches.

Causes of Defeat

Such were some of the causes that led up to the great Conservative debacle of 1929. Weakness towards Socialism at home and, as will be seen in the ensuing chapters, the policy of compromise and concession with regard to foreign relations and to British interests in the East, had steadily brought down the credit of the Party that had stood so high in 1924. An immense discouragement had taken hold of the Conservative electorate, and it is probable that abstentions, even more than adverse votes, sealed its fate at the polls.

The Labour Party showed no gratitude for the indulgence shown them. Although throughout

their five years' term of office Mr. Baldwin and his supporters had continued in the spirit of the Premier's "Peace in our time" speech to refrain from aggression, and had sought every opportunity for conciliating the Opposition, the Labour Party returned this magnanimity with insults and abuse.

Thanking Mr. Baldwin

On September 25, 1926, the *Daily Herald* declared:

Never has a Government so shamefully sought to ensure victory for its capitalist friends as the Government of which Mr. Baldwin is the head. Under an appearance of sympathy with the workers, under the cloak of "Peace in our time" appeals, it has relentlessly sought to depress the standard of life, reduce the wages and increase the economic hardship of the millions of workers and their families.

On the same day this paragraph appeared in *Lansbury's Labour Weekly*:

Stanley Baldwin, by the grace of the Father of all Liars, Prime Minister of Britain, is once again revealed as the most incompetent and brutally stupid person this nation has ever been afflicted with as chief of the State. Elected to power by the most infamous and blackguardly campaign of Lies ever experienced in this island, he has succeeded in proving himself worthy of such a campaign by breaking every pledge and promise made to the electorate.

"Mr. Baldwin," said "Labour's Own Organ" on August 29, 1927, "has lost no time in picking up his old trail of humbug . . . his speech was characterised by the same professions of honesty and goodwill, the same pose of benevolent friendship to the workers. . . . Actively and inactively, he has done more than any other man to sharpen the class struggle. . . ." Or again: "The hissing [of the Labour Party] that ushered Mr. Baldwin out of the Chamber . . . was no mere transient ebullition of Party feeling. It betokened a deep moral loathing of a 'statesman' who shirks his cardinal duties."

The Premier's Sins

As the general election approached, the *Daily Herald* declared that the slump in the Tory vote (at by-elections) was due to the "criminal futility of the Baldwin Government. The Premier's sins are finding him out."

During the election campaign the *Daily Herald* issued a series of abusive panels in its columns, in which the Tories were described under such choice headings as "Starving the Poor," "Robbing the Worker," "Against the Women," "The Farm-worker's Enemy," etc.

Once again experience proved the soundness of the principle: "The best method of defence is

¹ *Daily Herald*, August 29, 1927.

² *Ibid.*, November 17, 1927.

³ *Ibid.*, January 31, 1929.

SERIAL

attack." By abandoning the attack on Socialism which had carried them to victory in 1924, the Conservatives had surrendered their strongest line of defence and laid themselves open to attack from enemies on whom magnanimity was wasted and with whom weakness was fatal.

PEACE AND POISON GAS

There is a favourite theory current on the Continent to the effect that Great Britain has continuously pursued a Machiavelian scheme for reducing all other Powers to impotence by the policy of *Divide et Impera*. The whole idea of the Cavallerie de St. Georges set forth by certain French publicists is founded on this conviction. Moreover, in order to carry on this fell design the British Government has at its disposal a vast network of agents in the form of the "British Intelligence Service," with headquarters, we have been seriously assured, at No. 10, Downing Street. Ever since the days when "l'or de Pitt" was said to have financed the succeeding outbreaks of the French Revolution, the gold and cunning of Britain have been suspected of playing a leading part in the troubles of the world.

The present writer once asked an eminent English diplomat whether any foundation of truth lay at the bottom of this legend: "Has England ever been guilty of the methods habitually pursued by Prussia from the eighteenth century onwards of fomenting discord for the sake of her own aggrandisement? Has she a secret policy of which the British citizen knows nothing, for maintaining her own stability amidst the crash of empires and the fall of foreign thrones?"

To which the diplomat responded with a sigh: "Would to God she had! Would to God that she had any settled policy on which one could depend!"

A Policy of Surrender

The unhappy truth is that, since the War, the only continuity of foreign policy observable under each Government in turn, whether Liberal, Conservative or "Labour," has been that of surrendering one by one the most vital interests of the British Empire.

As Mr. Winston Churchill recently expressed it:

During the last few years a sense of powerlessness must have come across those who have taken part in the triumphant exertions which the British Empire has made in the present century. Some spring seems to have snapped in the national consciousness. There is a readiness to cast away all that has been won by measureless sacrifices and achievements. We seem to be the only great nation which dare not speak up for itself, which has lost confidence in its mission, which is ready to resign its hard-won rights.¹

We have seen this process at work throughout the successive chapters of this book—the prizes of victory in the Great War thrown away, the heroism of our soldiers publicly disparaged, concessions made to the promoters of sedition, our friends estranged, our enemies cajoled, our statesmen apologising for the very existence of the

British Empire. On the accession of each Government in turn, hopes have arisen that at last bolder hands would guide the country's destinies, only every time to be dashed by the realisation that *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*.

The Conservative Government of 1924 raised these hopes higher than ever, not only with regard to internal affairs but in the matter of foreign relations. The Russian question, as we saw in the last chapter, had at the time of the Arcos raid been firmly dealt with, and, when the Soviet Embassy was removed from London, the most important channel for propaganda—the Foreign Office bag—was done away with. With the withdrawal of diplomatic immunity, Soviet activities in this country were thus considerably curtailed.

Hopes for the Future

In the matter of France and Germany, the prospect at the outset seemed equally propitious. Lord Curzon's relations with France had not been too happy, but the appointment of Sir Austen Chamberlain, whose francophile sympathies were well known, to the post of Foreign Secretary boded well for the strengthening of the Entente. It was, moreover, the change in the direction of the Foreign Office from Socialist to Conservative control that, as was related in Chapter XI, prevented the realisation of Mr. MacDonald's cherished scheme—the "Geneva Protocol." At the meeting of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva on March 9, 1925, the Protocol was definitely turned down by Sir Austen Chamberlain.

So far, so good. But, by the autumn of the same year, the Foreign Secretary, who up to this moment had dealt successfully with realities, seemed to have become hypnotised by the unreal atmosphere of Locarno. It will perhaps one day be recognised that languorous southern resorts are not the best places for international conferences to be held. Cannes, Genoa, Rapallo—all these lotus-eating lands in turn had cast their spell on the assembled representatives of the nations, and one is led to wonder what would have been the result of their deliberations had these same conferences been held, say, in Manchester or Lille.

Another Picnic

Yet one more of these charming treats was arranged for October 3, 1925, and we read that on October 10, at half-past two o'clock, Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and Herren Luther and Stresemann, accompanied by secretaries and advisers, embarked in a large motor-boat, with the pleasant name of *Fiori d'Arancio* (Orange Blossom), upon the blue and placid waters of Lake Maggiore for the purpose of holding conversations on board. . . . They returned towards the evening."¹

¹ *The Times*, October 12, 1925.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 11, 18, 25 and December 2.

¹ Speech to the Navy League, February 26, 1930.

Cruisers—Not Conferences

The Truth about our Out-of-Date Navy

By Vice-Admiral J. E. T. HARPER, C.B., M.V.O.

(Author of "The Truth about Jutland")

WE have suffered from Conferences for more than ten years. "Suffered" is the correct word because, of all the nations which took part in those naval conferences which were the forerunners of the present general disarmament conference, the British is the only one which suffered; the others gained at her expense.

It would seem probable that whatever the result of the present, long-drawn-out disarmament conference we shall stand to lose and not to gain.

The Strong Man Armed

Our policy has always been a defensive policy; one which aims at peace; but no policy is of any value without some force, for use if necessary, to support it. Those who preach peace at any price may be divided, generally, into two categories, those who state that because war is a horror it should be avoided at any cost; and those who claim that armaments are unproductive expenditure which absorb money.

The first is a false argument. No English man or woman wants war. Our nation is a peace-loving nation and hard to rouse.

The second claim is equally groundless. It is not the peace-time navy that ruins the tax-payer; it is the expense of a war. Of the small annual sum now allocated to building cruisers some 90 per cent. goes into workshops all over the country and gives welcome employment; the cruiser has then to be manned, which gives employment to several hundreds who would otherwise be "on the dole."

"A line-of-battle ship is the best negotiator in Europe" said the immortal Nelson. To paraphrase this statement we may say: "A squadron of cruisers is of more value to our Empire than any number of conferences and in the long run would probably be a great deal cheaper."

Senator Hale, speaking in the Senate in U.S.A. in 1927, said "It is the duty of Congress to see that an adequate navy is maintained." If we make any mistake in our estimates of what constitutes an adequate navy, it is better that that mistake should be on the side of providing too large rather than too small a navy."

The Burden of Empire

Our naval responsibilities are far greater than those of the U.S.A. or of any other country.

We have only to turn to the figures given by the French Naval Staff in 1929 to show how much greater they are. Taking the needs of Italy as the unit and considering the Area of Territories, length of coasts and length of communications to be defended by the five great Powers the co-efficients of Naval defence were given as follows: Italy 1, Japan 1.6, France 3, U.S.A. 4.2, Great Britain 10.

Yet, in 1930, we find Mr. Ramsay MacDonald signing the, for us, disastrous London Naval Treaty, which voluntarily surrendered our sea-power, lowered our prestige, and made our navy inferior to that of the U.S.A. in all but one particular; the efficiency of the personnel.

Englishmen are borne with sea-sense and sea courage; it is not high wages which make a man a seaman. In 1930 our greatest experts gave 70 as the minimum number of cruisers required for our protection; but the Government under Mr. MacDonald thought it knew better and reduced this number to 50, although 120 proved inadequate in 1914. What of this miserable 50?

In 1936, when the other nations concerned have built up to the terms of the Treaty and find themselves with efficient cruisers of new design, Great Britain will have only 36 efficient, the remaining 14 being over age. 250 years ago 45 Frigates was considered the minimum number necessary to protect our trade.

The figures in regard to Destroyers are even worse. The 324 we had in 1914 had to be increased to 527 by 1918; but we are now reduced to about 150, of which two-thirds will be over age by 1936.

Is it right, is it not gambling with our very existence as a nation, to allow over-age, weak, worn-out, obsolete ships to figure in Returns as efficient. Disturbing rumours were published recently that certain naval exercises in the North Sea had to be cancelled because our destroyers were not in a condition to withstand ordinary strains. *Not one single ship, cruiser or destroyer, which is not within the recognised age limits should be counted as efficient.*

As pacifism, aimed at reducing our 'defence' forces below a safe limit, can easily prove the shortest road to war; so can false economy in ship construction and in replenishing our reserves of fuel, stores and ammunition, prove a direct road to defeat. In this respect a grave warning was given by Lord Beatty at the Navy League dinner in October last. "Our oil supplies, for instance," he said, "are vitally important. Are they adequate? *They certainly were not when I left the Admiralty.* . . . Then there is the question of our naval bases . . . are they properly defended against attack . . ."

Without a navy worthy of her great responsibilities Great Britain can take no strong part in the Councils of Nations; can offer no inducements as an ally; cannot be a power for peace.

Without an adequate navy, in the unfortunate event of war, our army would be immobile, our air force useless for want of supplies, and our merchant navy—the very foundation of our sea-power—would cease to function.

YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

LONDONERS,

YOU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air!

DO you realise what this means?

IT means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

ARE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril?

THE finest machines and the bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

DO you want this protection?

I AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

THE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them they MUST accept my offer.

Your true friend,

LUCY HOUSTON

LADY HOLLISTON, D.D.

The Woman Who Lived a Good
Life - To See a Good Death

LADY HOLLISTON, D.D. - 1894

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

The Woman Who Is Not Afraid To Speak The TRUTH



BANNED — BOYCOTTED — BUT — TRIUMPHANT.

Correspondence

Between Lady Houston and Mr. Neville Chamberlain

(Chancellor of the Exchequer)

FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE

£200,000 OFFERED BY LADY HOUSTON

"ENGLAND IN PERIL"

ECONOMY AT EXPENSE OF SAFETY

LADY HOUSTON, in a letter to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, last year made an offer of £200,000 towards the cost of national defence.

The text of her letter was as follows:—

"Beaufield, Jersey,
"April 9, 1932.

"DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,

"On the sad heart of Mary—Queen of England—sorrow wrote the word 'Calais.'

"On my heart love has indelibly written the word 'England,' and this love of my Country makes me bold and not afraid to speak the truth—for the truth is ghastly—England is in deadly peril—her pride has been dragged down into the dust by Socialism.

"When I read the terrible news that our Forces of Defence—already far, too far, below the safety mark—are again to be the victims of what only Socialists can call 'economy,' my spirit was heavy and oppressed, and every fibre of my being cried out against this further treachery to us and to our Fighting Forces.

"No, No, No! Mr. Chamberlain. You must not allow this to be called economy. *This is not economy. This is a base betrayal of the people's safety.* To leave our homes and our children unprotected—while every other country is feverishly arming—is a Socialist invitation to our enemies to come and destroy us.

Widened Gulf

"It is sad to notice how Conservatives have widened the gulf between themselves and their Policy—for it is Socialism and not Conservatism that stands for dragging down our Navy, Army and Air Force. In Webster's Dictionary, Conservatism is 'preserving and guarding the safety of the State and conserving its Institutions.' The Navy, the Army and the Air Force are its chief institutions.

"England—formerly the envy and admiration of the whole world—is treated with contempt and disdain, even within the Empire, as witness the revolt in India, Ireland and Malta.

"But, claw by claw and tooth by tooth, Socialists have been permitted by Conservatives to make the British Lion powerless to protect itself, and it is now like a toothless old lap dog that can yap but cannot bite.

"When the British Navy was Mistress of the Seas and was so called because it always rushed to the help of all who needed help no matter what their nationality, Peace reigned in Europe, for our glorious Navy ensured it.

"But this happy state of affairs did not please the

Socialists, and our soldiers and sailors—our pride and our valiant protectors—have been hounded down to beggary and the Dole.

An Old Hymn

"These verses of an old hymn haunt me day and night:—

Christian seek not yet repose
Hear thy guardian angel say
Thou art in the midst of foes.
Watch and pray.

Principalities and Powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours.
Watch and pray.

"Ponder for one moment, Mr. Chamberlain, and I think you will agree that no clearer warning could be given you of your grave responsibility—for you are the Watchman answerable to God and to your Country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?

"Weary and sore distressed after meditating deeply for many months, again and again I have prayed to God for advice, and I have asked Him if I am right in fighting in my poor weak fashion for the glory and welfare of England, and always the answer is—'Yes, you are right. Fight on.' Therefore I know that what I am writing to you now is an inspiration from Heaven to say what I feel I must say, to urge you to save Britain from the terror of Invasion, Famine, Pestilence and Slavery.

Russian Menace

"For the Russian Five Year Plan has only one more year to run, and Russia will then have an army, trained by Germans, of thirty million men and women. The vast hordes in China are also receiving military training by German officers—who are hand in glove with Russia—and thus, before we know where we are, War may be forced upon us.

"Is this the time for the defenders of our country to be starved and depleted and the country left bare for the enemy?

"A million of money has been voted for Dole palaces, and work is actually in progress to build new Labour Exchanges at a cost of £700,000, while County Councils are given *carte blanche* to pile up every extravagance waste can suggest and are encouraged to fritter away millions of money that should be spent in protecting us.

"But deeds are better than words, and so, instead of sending you a cheque for £40,000 for Income Tax, I now offer you £200,000 towards the five million required for our protection, so only nineteen times as much as my gift is needed to make up the five million necessary—a paltry sum to ensure the safety of the Nation—and I appeal to all, both rich and poor, to find it, for surely there is not a man or woman in England who will not echo my cry, 'Hands off economising on our Navy—our Army—and our Air Force.'"

LADY HOUSTON'S GIFT DECLINED

"IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S REASONS PARLIAMENT AND EXPENDITURE

Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a letter to Lady Houston, declining her offer of £200,000 towards National defence, stated:

It appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day, and subsequently approved by Parliament.

In reply, Lady Houston maintained that she did not suggest the money should be left to Parliament to allocate, adding:

I can only reiterate that the money I offered was not a gift to the Exchequer, but was for the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's letter, written from the Treasury, was as follows:

"DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

"I much appreciate the spirit which has prompted you to offer a sum of £200,000 to supplement the resources of the Exchequer upon the understanding that other patriotic donors raise the amount to £5,000,000. If I do not feel able, as suggested in your telegram, to take active steps to support an appeal of this character, it is because I share the view taken by my predecessors in other similar connections that gifts to the Exchequer should be left to be prompted by the spontaneous wish of the donors. It is the fact, as you are no doubt aware, that at all times in recent years, and particularly in this period of crisis and stress, many donors have generously contributed to the resources of the Exchequer of their own free will.

"A more difficult question is raised by your proposal that your contribution should be applied to a particular object. There are, of course, cases where private benefactions may very properly and most usefully supplement or replace public expenditure. Your part in the last Schneider Trophy contest reminds me forcibly of that fact. But, in the sphere of the essential State services, Parliament alone is in a position to appraise the priority of competing claims and from time to time to allocate the limited resources of the Exchequer in the manner most conducive to the general interests. The responsibility of advising Parliament on these matters is one of which no Government can divest itself, and it is a duty in which all Governments must retain freedom of action and decision. For this reason, it appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day and subsequently approved by Parliament.

"Accordingly, I venture to hope that, should you decide to proceed with your appeal, it will be made on the basis that the Government shall decide to what purpose the resulting funds shall be applied."

Money Allocated for the Forces

LADY HOUSTON'S REPLY.

Lady Houston sent the following reply:—

"DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,

"Please forgive me—I evidently have made a mistake—I thought you were a Conservative—but I cannot

imagine a Conservative refusing my offer of £200,000 for the Army—Navy—and Air Force—so ungraciously. I wonder whether you have consulted them?

"You have read my letter incorrectly—as in the first line of your answer you say that I—'Offer the sum of £200,000 to supplement the resources of the Exchequer'—but, if you read my letter again, you will find that I do not offer this money to 'supplement the resources of the Exchequer.' I offered it specifically for the Army—Navy—and Air Force.

"You then say—'Upon the understanding that other patriotic donors raise the amount to five million'—but this I must again refute—as I did not stipulate that 'other patriotic donors' should raise the sum of five million.

"What I did say was—'I now offer you £200,000 towards the five million required for our protection—so only nineteen times as much as my gift is needed to make up the five million necessary—a paltry sum to ensure the safety of the Nation—and I appeal to all, both rich and poor, to find it—for surely there is not a man or woman in England who will not echo my cry, 'Hands off economising on our Army—our Navy—and our Air Force.'

"So you see, that in both these instances you have quoted me inaccurately.

Previous Gifts

"You then say in your letter—'If I do not feel able to take active steps to support an appeal of this character, it is because I share the view taken by my predecessors in other similar connections that gifts to the Exchequer should be left to be prompted by the spontaneous wish of the donor.'

"But both your immediate predecessors accepted large monetary gifts from me—for instance, the Schneider Trophy was a gift from me of £100,000—in order to make it possible for our Airmen to compete in the Race. This was very gladly accepted by your immediate predecessor—and the Treasury, perhaps—if you inquire—will still remember my very insignificant gift of £1,500,000—given to a former predecessor of yours—Mr. Winston Churchill.

"So—Mr. Chamberlain—it is very easy for me to prove that your letter is full of inaccuracies.

"You next say—'A more difficult question is raised by your proposal that your contribution should be applied to a particular object. There are, of course, cases where private benefactions may very properly and most usefully supplement or replace public expenditure. Your part in the last Schneider Trophy contest reminds me forcibly of that. But in the sphere of the essential State services, Parliament alone is in a position to appraise the priority of competing claims, and from time to time allocate the limited resources of the Exchequer in the manner most conducive to the general interests.'

"I must again prove you to be wrong—as I did not suggest that this £200,000 should be left to Parliament to allocate—I must again remind you that I allocated this money for the Army—Navy—and Air Force—and no mention was made of it being a gift to the Exchequer and, therefore, when you continue by saying—'The responsibility of advising Parliament on these matters is one of which no Government can divest itself, and it is a duty in which all Governments must retain freedom of action and decision,' I say by all means when the donor leaves it to the Government to decide.

"Keeping Our Flag Flying"

"No question of the Government deciding comes into this matter. But you force me to again reiterate the fact—that the £200,000 I offered was offered specifically—for keeping our Flag flying—and to help the Army—Navy—and Air Force—in their dire need and necessity.

"Your letter ends by saying—'It appears to me impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services over and above the expenditure recommended by the Government of the day and subsequently approved by Parliament.'

"But I can only reiterate, and reiterate, and again reiterate—that the money I offered was not a gift to the Exchequer—but was for the Army—Navy—and Air Force.

"And when you say there is no precedent for this—you are again wrong—for I made my own precedent when I gave £1,500,000 to Mr. Winston Churchill—who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer—and again when I gave £100,000 for the Air Force.

"So you see—Mr. Chamberlain—I have taken your letter line by line and word by word—and torn your arguments to shreds."

Memories of War

Eton Master and Balkan Champion

By Lt.-Col. Cyril Foley

AFTER being in the trenches at Foucaucourt on the Amiens-St. Quentin Road up to October 1915, my Battalion was suddenly rushed out to Salonica. If anyone had, previous to 1914, predicted that I should spend my 47th birthday on a ship en route to fight the Bulgarians, I should have instantly agreed with him, and then rung up Hanwell.

Salonica became a most cosmopolitan town. Nearly every nation under arms was represented. Great Britain by 6 divisions (400,000 men), France by 9 divisions plus 1 cavalry division (350,000 men), Italy by 3 infantry brigades (40,000 men), Russia by 2 brigades (20,000 men), Serbia by 6 divisions plus one Jugo-Slav division (120,000 men), Albania by 1,000 rifles, and the whole of the Montenegrin army 1,200 strong.

The Greeks also joined in later on with 140,000, so that the total force amounted to over a million rationed men.

The Albanians were sent up to defend a gigantic mountain, so high indeed, that I never remember being able clearly to see the top of it. They lived on shrubs and roots, and that very rare bird, the Greek ptarmigan. They must have, because no transport could have possibly got up to them.

A Feat of Arms

The French claim to have taken Florina and Monastir. They did nothing of the sort. They may have taken Sebastopol by storming the Malakoff Tower, but the Servians equally took Florina by storming Kajmakalan, and Monastir by capturing the Crina river loop, each of which, like the Malakoff or the Gravitza Redoubts at Plevna, formed the nodal point of each objective.

Beyond some support from their "Cent vingt long" guns, the French had nothing to do with the *coup de main* by which Kajmakalan was taken. It was an amazing feat of arms. Kajmakalan is 8,000 feet high, with grass and shale slopes running right up to its summit, forming a regular glacis and totally devoid of cover. But on this summit stood their hereditary enemies the Bulgarians, and that put the pep into the Servian assault. No quarter was given on either side. I do not believe that any other troops in the world, except possibly the Bulgarians with the Servians defending, could have turned anybody off that hill by a bayonet attack.

Racial hatred between the participants had risen since 1913 to boiling point, and as mutual dislike was fifty-fifty, it was a dog fight and a bulldog one at that.

I must confess that my sole interest in the Balkan States up to 1915 lay in the fact that my mathematical master at Eton subsequently became, as correspondent of the "The Times," their champion and benefactor.

His name was James David Bouchier, and he is the "master" referred to by Mr. Maurice Baring in his recent book "Friday's Business." He was, as Mr. Baring says, "mercilessly ragged" while he was at Eton, but he became to the population of the Balkans almost a divinity. He talked Bulgarian like a native, and he fought for their political welfare for over twenty years with a fervour which no patriot could have exceeded. Nor were they ungrateful. They put his head on their stamps, and when he returned to Sofia after the war, and died there a few years ago, they buried him with full military honours, a compliment never before paid to a civilian in a country other than his own.

And yet, had your acquaintance with him been confined, as mine was, to the classroom, you would have absolutely refused to believe that such a transformation was possible. It out-Jekylled Hyde. I was up to him in 1883-4-5.

A Muffler and a Lisp

He used to come into school generally a minute or two late, with a white silk muffler round his neck, instead of a collar and tie, and he had a most pronounced lisp. We boys used to go and ask him questions just to hear what he said.

One memorable day, Paisley (now Duke of Abercorn) and I, went up to him and asked him about the Windsor election, which we knew he had attended. I asked him what the crowd said when the result of the poll was declared.

"I could not quite catch what they said," he told us in his mincing voice, "but as far as I could hear they said, 'Hurrah, hurrah, hu-bloody rah.' " You may imagine how we boys laughed.

You may also imagine our astonishment in later years when we realised what a splendid fellow he really was.

Orpheus at Sadler's Wells

An Irish Dancer at the Fortune

By Herbert Hughes

A FIRST-RATE revival of Gluck's *Orpheus* at Sadler's Wells—and half-filled stalls.

That was the tale at the matinée last Saturday. This revival was a first attempt on the part of the Vic-Wells Company to tackle a Gluck opera, but there was nothing half-hearted in either performance or production as such.

The story of those half-filled stalls is the story of London, of England, of our national indifference to opera of the finer sort. Give us something spectacular and amusing, with a rattling comedian or two in it, plenty of pretty girls; call it revue and we will turn up in our thousands until we have exhausted all its surprises and delights. That is the kind of opera that is a pretty safe speculation on the part of those high-minded financiers who have so much to say in the West-end theatre.

Sadler's Wells, of course, is out of the way. But so is Kennington Oval, so is Stamford Bridge, so is Wembley. The delightful thing is that Miss Baylis persists, and with her Mr. Geoffrey Toye and others of her stalwart friends, persists in giving opera in English at popular prices for a public that is drawn from here and there all over this overgrown capital.

I had not heard Miss Mary Jarred when she appeared at Covent Garden in the summer season. Here she took the title rôle in the Gluck opera: a lovely, rich, contralto voice of the authentic grand opera standard dead in tune and without the least suspicion of a wobble. She must be a very sensible lady to sing here under conditions that are certainly not "grand" or international. Evidently she realises that those conditions are the best we can produce in England—apart from the periodical seasons at the Garden—and she is content to know that the chorus and the conducting will be good even if there are some empty stalls to face.

Well Worth Hearing

Everything this lady sang was worth going to hear and if she remained somewhat statuesque throughout that is more Gluck's fault than hers—if, indeed, it is a fault at all in an opera of this formal type. Occasionally one wanted to shake up the opera itself, shake it out of its tonic-and-dominant heavy-footed gait; but one realised it couldn't really be done, and it was evident to at least one listener that Mr. Toye had the hang of the whole thing very clearly in mind before he took up rehearsals.

The new English translation specially made for the Vic-Wells Opera Company by Professor E. J. Dent was more than serviceable and the words of the well-balanced, well-chosen chorus were nearly always clearly enunciated.

Miss Sybil Crawley looked well and sang well as Eurydice and little Miss Olive Dyer was appropriately diminutive and attractive as Cupid.

The Ballet

To me the only questionable element in the whole beautifully-staged production was found occasionally in the ballet. Stylised movements are inevitable here, and even desirable; but even the Greeks knew how to be emotional as well as decorative. It did not seem to me that Miss Ninette de Valois had quite absorbed the music before arranging her dances.

They were always (to me, at any rate) charming, and though Gluck lived in as artificial an age as any known to modern history he could be definitely human enough to permit himself to feel the poignancy of this Attic tale. The production was Mr. Sumner Austin's.

I missed the severe handling of the death motive, the sense of deep loss, which makes the final joyousness so truly ecstatic and persuasive. An incongruous movement or two in Massine's choreography to that Tchaikovsky symphony kept returning to memory as I watched these capital dancers at Sadler's Wells, and afterwards I asked myself whether *Les Présages* was after all so incongruous or irrelevant?

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The Theatre

Actors Must Act

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

LET us go and see dear So and So at the Frivolity." How often one hears this phrase among prospective theatregoers! A large proportion of them go to see the actor and not the play, so quite naturally a cult has been gradually forming on the stage for "being natural." The less like any character an actor can be the greater is his success, until one day he is "dear So and So" no more, but becomes "dear Sir Gerard."

I have liked Owen Nares ever since the days of "Romance," I have admired the way he successfully lived down the "Matinee Idol" stigma and recently I have noticed with great pleasure the way his talent has matured. But there has always been a lurking fear at the back of my mind that he would go in for "naturalness."

However, in "The Man Proposes," a play by W. Chetham-Strode, at Wyndham's, Owen Nares as Toby gives a really sound performance. He has to be the confident, comforting, convenient friend, superior in the experience of life and business, always chivalrous and at last the lover. He is all that.

The rather slow cumbersome play opens with a prologue in which a mystically inclined news-agent, well done by George Elton, discusses an air disaster with a taxi-driver. Then we are shown why six seemingly "good" lives had to be cut short by an omniscient, convenient and just force variously described by the author as Life, Fate and Providence.

Dermot Norton, a rather doltish husband, played by Cyril Raymond, has had an affair at Deauville with Nonie Watson (Joan Marion). Everyone seems to know about it at the Ascot party given by his wife, breezily acted by Cecily Byrne, except herself. She commands inexplicable devotion and admiration, so that all try to conceal it from her at a tremendous cost to themselves, except for a sex-starved and warped friend Mr. Spencer.

However, the situation is saved at least for the time being by Toby, who offers himself as a fiancé to Nonie.

The Man Proposes. By W. Chetham-Strode. Wyndham's.

Shocks in Suburbia

THE good-natured George Radfern does not object to helping within reason his wife's poor relations. As a successful wholesale paper merchant, living well within his income in a North London suburb, he expects to have to put his hand in his pocket occasionally.

But Bernard Baxley, a waster from the Malay States and his wife Lucy, sister of Mrs. Radfern, more than outstay their welcome. When Baxley, who has already borrowed over two hundred pounds from his brother-in-law, asks for a further

four hundred to enable him to enter a business, George Radfern jibs. When Harold Russ, an extraordinarily unpleasant young man in the motor business, asks for the hand of his daughter Elsie and capital to set up on his own, George feels that something must be done.

So, in the absence of his wife, he tells them all at supper that night that his paper business is a fake and he is really a forger on the grand scale. Harold Russ breaks off his engagement, the Baxleys decide to leave in the morning.

When Mrs. Radfern convinces them that her husband was fooling them the Baxleys want to stay on and Russ wants to renew his engagement. But Mrs. Radfern turns the Baxleys out and Elsie refuses to have anything more to do with Harold.

So, to the end of the second act, we have quite a nice little suburban comedy, with some excellent characterisation by Francis James as the hateful Russ and Melville Cooper as the contemptible Baxley who "has been out East and seen the World." But in the last act we have real drama when we discover that George Radfern is indeed a master forger and that the police know it but cannot prove it. There is a battle of wits between George and Inspector Stack, which ends—well, never mind. Edmund Gwenn as George Radfern has the part of his life and plays it brilliantly, and David Hawthorne does well as Inspector Stack.

Laburnham Grove. By J. B. Priestley. Duchess Theatre.



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The Constantinople That Was

THIS is the kind of book* which is much liked by many people, and quite rightly, too. For it is a fascinating combination of personal reminiscences and good stories, of striking events and incidents, many of them shared in or seen from a near distance, and of topographical and other details of the uncommon sort—the whole set on a magnificent stage which, though it no longer stands, has only just passed away and will always be interesting.

Lady Neave spent twenty-six years in Turkey, in or in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, "under the glamour," as she puts it, "of the old régime, the autocracy which had existed since the Mohammedan conquest in 1453." There are few areas of the world that are more beautiful than the Straits dividing Europe from Asia, and certainly there are few cities of greater historic significance than Constantinople.

When the author knew it—and she knew it exceptionally well—Constantinople was still a great metropolis, with a large and lucrative trade both east and west; it was a diplomatic centre of the utmost importance, and a cosmopolitan gathering place of the nations. It is so no longer.

Abdul the Damned

The period covered by this book includes the later years of the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid—the cruel but crafty monarch who, a generation ago, in England was called "Abdul the Damned" and the "Great Assassin" because of the frightful Armenian massacres with which he was associated, but who was also a man of considerable political ability and resource. Lady Neave devotes a chapter to him, describes his strangely-mixed character, and relates several curious and somewhat contradictory anecdotes about his courage and the lack of it at times. Lady Neave left Turkey in 1907, and was in England when the Young Turk Revolution broke out.

Of special, if rather melancholy, interest is the chapter on the decline of British prestige in Turkey, dating from Gladstone's return to power in 1880 and the British occupation of Egypt in 1882, and the consequent increase of German influence, of which we felt the dire effect in the Great War.

But to dwell in this review of the book on the matters of high politics it discusses would give a wrong impression of the work, which is concerned much more with life as it was on the Bosphorus in those years, with Turkish ceremonies, weddings and harems, with the general social round in Constantinople, with meetings at the Embassy, with shooting parties and sports—in fact, all that was going on.

These days are gone. Angora or Ankara—as you please—is now the capital of a Turkish Republic; the Turkish Empire has disappeared; even the name of Constantinople is actually taboo and has been replaced by Istanbul.

**Twenty-six Years on the Bosphorus.* By Dorina L. Neave. Grayson. 10s. 6d.

Naval Occasions

With some Songs and an echo of
Hawkins

"For when that we shall go to bedde
The pompe was nygh oure bedde's hede,
A man were as good to be dede
As smell thereof the stynk!"

THUS are the discomforts of a sea voyage in the fourteenth century illustrated in "The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage," from Mr. Lawson's new book (*Naval Ballads and Sea Songs*. Selected and illustrated by Cecil C. P. Lawson. Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) which contains an excellent selection of sea songs and ballads. He has limited his choice to those which give an intimate and accurate picture of the service and social life of the sailor through the ages. They cover approximately five centuries of naval life and it is not difficult to trace the evolution of the modern sailor throughout this period.

"Easy come, easy go," is still typical of the sailor and his exploits ashore are still apt to cause wonder to the landlubber. "The Sailor's Frolic, or Life in the East" is a song about the Ratcliffe Highway and is probably as true to-day as when the song was written.

At the fam'd Old Barley Mow
I hail'd a Frigate tight,
Steer'd away without delay
And boarded her that night.
I took my watch and money too,
And clothes without delay,
Two bullies soon they turn'd me out
Into Ratcliffe Highway.
So mind those buxom lassies,
In their flying colours gay,
Or soon they'll clear your lockers,
In Ratcliffe Highway.

The illustrations, which take the form of head and tail pieces, are a feature of this book. They are not just decorations, but are drawn with a faithful regard as to dress and historical detail.

Commander Robinson contributes an authoritative introduction and this book, which has been attractively produced, should find high favour among those with an interest in maritime affairs.

Another book about the sea (*The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins*, Edited by James A. Williamson, Argonaut Press, 36s.), falls into a very different category. It is a reproduction of the 1622 edition and is enhanced by a scholarly introduction written by the editor. Sir Richard was a bonny fighter and, rare combination, a writer as well.

"The Observations" is a classic in its own class of literature and describes the voyage of the "Dainty" into the Pacific in 1593. The edition, however, is likely to be read more for the introduction than for the text which, though up to now out of print, is still fairly widely known. The two combined make this an important addition to the library of Naval literature.

This book has been sumptuously produced on Japon vellum and is in no way overpriced at thirty-six shillings.

P. K.

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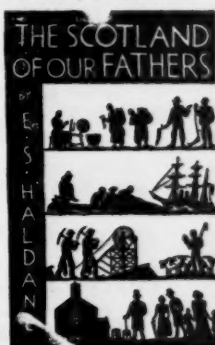
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Political Humbug The Blindness of Prejudice

THIS book could hardly be worse. It is biased.

But that alone does not condemn it. It is prejudiced and it is unreliable. It is unattractively written, and it lapses frequently into expressions which are unknown in England. In two consecutive pages, for example, we find these sentences; "Contract has won out over status," and, "Maine's theory of sexual relations among primitive peoples . . . has not stood up." And these examples could be supplemented from almost every page.

Mr. Brinton has apparently written two other books, was a Rhodes Scholar of New College Oxford, and is now a lecturer at Harvard. But if that information was not clearly printed on the dust cover, it would be hard to believe, for the book betrays no understanding of either the men or the period with which it deals. It merely sets out a few quotations from various writers, and then judges them by some ephemeral standard of Socialism. The Nineteenth Century is good or bad as it approaches to, or recedes from, this Socialist idea. His judgment on Sir Henry Maine, for example, is in these terms; "History may not be philosophy teaching by example, but she does not refuse to teach truths convenient for an English gentleman with a dislike for Socialism." And again, "... as the century went on the struggle between *laissez-faire* and State intervention saw the increasing practical triumphs of intervention."

Misrepresenting Toryism

And this provides an example at the same time of the way in which Mr. Brinton completely fails to perceive the significance of the events which he is considering. The century saw the increasing perfection of the system of *laissez-faire*, and that led inevitably to the introduction of state intervention. Liberalism could not have continued without it. They are not opposing ideas in practice; the one inevitably leads to, and vitally needs, the other. But this conflict is one of the points which is made at regular intervals throughout the book. He completely misunderstands such Tory thinkers as he is pleased to consider, and he shows no appreciation of what constitutes the case for Toryism, which he says, "has always had an interventionist tradition." Nothing could be further from the truth. The Tory, whether he be Bolingbroke, Disraeli, Maine or some more humble follower, wants to see the individual bearing his responsibilities to the nation, or as he would prefer it, to the King, with no compulsion from the State. The Tory does not believe in *laissez-faire*, because that implies irresponsibility, and as I have said must end with the Government forcing you to bear your share of the burden.

Then he says that faith in heredity means an attempt to stabilise society within the limits of

existing inequalities, adds that it means that the rich are able and the poor are incompetent, that both classes breed true, and says that Disraeli's aristocrats are unconvincing to a commoner. They are to middle class commoners. But the aristocrat of Disraeli, and many even in practice to-day, understands the worker, and the workers understand the real aristocrat. There is an enormous bond of sympathy between them. And the Tory, alone in the modern State, is the one man who does not believe the poor are incompetent.

He respects the man who can plough a good furrow, or do a good job of work in any other way, and values him. The Tory does not believe that the rich are able, because they are rich. He has other standards by which to judge. His are the standards of service, and duty. When Disraeli said that the rights of Englishmen were five hundred years older than the Rights of Man, he was stating a truth which does not come within Mr. Brinton's horizon at all. He meant that the Englishman had built up his system on the principle of duty. That men were given a status by the amount of service they performed. And when Sir Henry Maine noticed the movement from status to contract he was commenting on the way this system of service had been broken down.

Mr. Brinton explains this by saying that "a man who makes a contract is making . . . a voluntary adjustment between himself and the outside world. He is making something of himself." And there is a good deal more than Mr. Brinton cannot see. His complete misunderstanding of Maine is

shown by his conclusion that there is nothing between him and Herbert Spencer, that collectivism and status are the same thing, and his suggestion that if a man had not what he wanted he would not accept his status in society. The Tory is not concerned with what a man *wants*. He is concerned with impressing on men their dependence on each other, and their duty to each other. The status conferred by service is not a rigid one. Wolsey was the son of a butcher. We could have no Wolsey to-day in spite of contract, education and all the other results of what is called freedom.

The book is full of what appear to me to be ill informed and dogmatic statements. "... the survival of the fittest," he says, "has become the central law of biological science." Has it? "Reason alone," he says elsewhere, "can remedy and recognise unreason, even in politics"; which betrays a complete lack of understanding of the English working man, who has again and again shown that instinct is a sound method of judgment, even in politics. And finally, "... it is quite possible that there are laws of taste, of ethics, of politics. But these laws will be laws arrived at only after patient accumulation of data almost wholly lacking for a study of the past." Surely after all these centuries of political experience we have something behind us which can be of help?

BRYANT IRVINE.

* *English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century*. By Crane Brinton. Ernest Benn. 15s.

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Elia's Step-Children

"Cough It Up and Quit"

MISS SYLVIA NORMAN, being of opinion that the art of Essay writing should enjoy a renaissance, and having found a publisher to accept this view, has collected twelve essays* and introduced them. Her introduction makes the thirteenth essay; incidentally, one may remark that it is among the best of the bunch.

She does not strive for effect, her purpose is clear and she sets her thoughts down in fashion that appeals; there is only one phrase to which exception may well be taken—"the comatose cow cropping grass in an upland meadow." Here the adjective is ill-chosen, for no comatose cow cares to crop, even in aid of alliteration; it prefers to chew the cud.

There are three country essays, Mr. Adrian Bell's contribution, "The Last Squire," eminently readable among them, reveals a state of mind familiar to students of the squire and his mentality. Miss Kate O'Brien has some happy phrases; "the burnished corner of the year," is a charming description of autumn, and the "number of sounds that go to make up silence," is a description that reveals the true nature lover; "to express silence in music," said Cabaner, "I should require three military bands." "The Earth being Troubled," is excellent work but smells, however faintly, of the lamp. The essays on Books and Authors are clever, but leave us just where we stood.

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Under the heading of "The Visionary Gleam" are two papers that leave one reader perplexed and dissatisfied; they are Mr. Laver's "Triumph of Time," and Mr. Michael Roberts' "Gubbins on Love." Mr. Laver would have derived benefit from a short spell in an American newspaper office known to the writer. Outside the Editor's room stands, or stood, a bold announcement, "Cough it up and quit." Twenty-six pages go to the "Triumph of Time," and incidentally to the conquest of space.

Lack of Simplicity

Perhaps a certain lack of spontaneity is the outstanding fault of a large proportion of these papers. You desire, as a traveller from cover to cover, to pass over a smooth road smoothly, but you cannot escape from bad patches and hairpin bends and great bare spaces, boulder-strewn with words. These essayists eschew simplicity, there is none among them who can carry the reader as, for example, Robert Lynd does, when he gives to airy nothings a weekly habitation and a name. But then, Robert Lynd talks to his friends, he admits his reader to brief but intimate association. When we turn to recall the older essayists, Addison, Steele, Lamb, to say nothing of the men who made the fame of "Maga," and of Walter Pater, whose longest sentence may be followed with ease, we must confess that the essential spirit of the essayists is lacking in the majority of the discourses set out here.

If the moderns persist in this method of approach, Miss Sylvia Norman's praiseworthy endeavour is like to bear fruit that none will seek to pluck or savour. To have something quite definite to say, to address the reader in friendly, informal fashion is to create the only atmosphere in which essays can flourish. To choose a theme and to elaborate it in manner that keeps all save the highbrow at arms length, is a practice that may find justification, but it will hardly achieve popularity. S.L.B.

* *Contemporary Essays*, 1933. Edited by Sylvia Norman. Elkin, Mathews and Marrot.

For the Tired Business Man

HERE is a book for the tired business man, who wishes to be diverted, and thrilled without overtaxing his brain and powers of concentration.

In 920 pages Major Yeats Brown has gathered together an amazing collection of short stories dealing with escapes from the many perils, moral, and physical, which flesh is heir to.

All the stories are excellent, and comparison is therefore invidious, but to mention four, "Casanova's Escape from the Inquisition," "Crashes and Cocktails"—the diary of a young American Airman during the Great War—"Adventures of the Great Plague," and "Disaster on the Matterhorn," is to show the great diversity of subjects included in the collection. B. le G. H.

Escape. By F. Yeats Brown. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

American Stew

An Experiment in Communism

POOOR Buchman! With his insipid "confessions" and pallid newspaper articles at three guineas a time he is but a timid evangelist compared with Aimée Semple McPherson. Aimée—who, by the way, is Canadian, having been born in Ontario—goes for the gloves.

Mr. William Teeling was in Los Angeles when she returned from a round-the-world trip with her daughter and newly married son-in-law. Thousands waited at the station, bands played, and she drove in a draped car to her temple.

The following night she preached her first sermon since her return, on—Attar of Roses! At last, after the weirdest and most theatrical scenes, we were informed that the next night the daughter and her husband would hold a wedding reception for their followers and would gladly accept any wedding presents."

There is little of North America that Mr. Teeling does not appear to have seen, from the Doukhobors, that strange Russian sect in the Canadian Rockies who live a communal life and go naked "to meet the Lord in the snow" to a New Orleans negro debutantes' ball, Chicago, gangsters, New York, drug traffickers, and Philadelphian Quakers.

In Iowa he came across a communistic settlement. The settlers are all Germans and are puritanically religious. Marriage, though regarded as a necessary evil, is not encouraged, the bachelor and

the virgin being considered definitely purer. No girl must marry before 19 and no youth before 23—not such a foolish idea.

There are seven villages, which have communal kitchens. No wages for work are recognised and, each year, the elders decide how much credit—a sort of pocket money for tobacco, etc.—is to be allowed each individual per week. English is never spoken except to strangers, and the members of the community have no holidays except Sundays.

Now, however, the communist system has been declared a failure, after two generations. The trustees say now, from observation and bitter experience, that Communism never has succeeded anywhere and never will succeed. It is not a natural form of life, cuts out competition, and makes life too easy.

The first settlers were enthusiastic, the next generation less so. The present generation has ceased to feel the spirit of disinterested affection for neighbours, and only remembers that one need not work very hard as, somehow, board and lodging is assured for life, and if sick one will be cared for. They have become so lazy that they even import hired labour to do the harder work. To stop this rot the trustees have decided to get rid of Communism. Already, the author says, one can detect a quickening of interest among the youth. From being lackadaisical and dull they are becoming keen.

D. L. L.

American Stew. By William Teeling. Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. Ill.)

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Australia's Improved Finances

Preference Shares and Their Rights

[By Our City Editor]

A FURTHER instance of how far Home and Empire finances are bound together is given by the announcement this week of a further stage in Australia's great conversion programme. During the past year the Commonwealth has converted about £71,500,000 of debt to a lower interest basis and of the £34,000,000 of State loans remaining a total of £16,647,000 is covered by the offer this week of a new loan in the shape of 3½ per cents. at 99 per cent. The loans to be converted are 5½ and 5 per cents., so that the interest saving will be considerable.

The factors which have made Australia's conversion operations such a success are the great recovery in the Commonwealth's budgetary position under sound Government, aided by the trade improvement largely brought about by higher wool prices, combined with the cheap money conditions existing at home. The London market is thus able to give much needed financial assistance to the Commonwealth through the latter's own great efforts at recovery.

Australia is not the only successful borrower, for a number of industrial issues have been oversubscribed and even the Irish Free State has been emboldened to the extent of having the impertinence to offer a 3½ per cent. loan at 98! Presumably it is hoped that under the regime of a "republic" previous defaults will be overlooked.

Preference Shareholders' Rights

The storm of protest evoked by the Union Cold Storage Company's proposals to scale down the interest on the company's preference shares, giving a cash payment in compensation, should do much to clear the air, so far as it has threatened to become full of such schemes, and to safeguard preference shareholders' rights in general in the future. Briefly the company proposed to make an annual saving of £130,000 in interest charges in return for a cash payment of £1,300,000.

The ordinary shares are privately held. For some years past they have received a 10 per cent. dividend and the proposals include the restriction of the ordinary dividend to 7 per cent. One can only read into the directors' statement the probability that their company's profits are most likely to suffer in the near future and that, therefore, the "cover" for the preference dividend is likely to shrink. So much for the outlook, in any event, for these shares. But the scheme has a wider importance for it threatens the position of preference shareholders as a class.

Those investing in preference shares do so mainly with the object of safeguarding income through bad times and good. Whatever profits a company may make it pays only a fixed preference dividend and, therefore, it is hardly fair to ask any sacrifice from preference shareholders so long as their interest can possibly be met. The directors have pointed out, in the case of the Union Cold Storage, that the cash payment offered is acceptable to many as it is exempt from tax, and if this is so then the most equitable arrangement seems to be to allow each preference shareholder to decide for himself whether or not he desires the cash payment or the income. In any event the shareholder must be able to feel that his income is intact so far as the company's finances at all times permit.

P. and O. Accounts

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's accounts for the past year make a better showing, for though the deferred stock again goes dividendless, the full 5 per cent. depreciation allowance on the fleet has been resumed and, as savings have been made on the debenture service, the net profit is £177,342, compared with £165,537 in the previous year. The debenture redemption reserve has now been freed, so that the directors have been able to draw on this fund to the extent of £656,970 in order to provide the full depreciation, and the balance of £707,456 is charged against earnings.

Actually the amount earned on the deferred stock was for the past year .6 per cent., compared with .3 per cent. in the previous year. The balance sheet shows a very strong position, the company having investments in Government securities of over £4,500,000, while cash amounts to no less than £2,193,000. Improved conditions are reported on the company's routes, though progress in this direction is naturally slow.

Good Industrial Results

In addition to the P. & O. several of the important industrial companies, operating in different spheres, have announced much improved results during the past week. Carreras, Ltd., the well-known tobacco manufacturers, report profits of £827,143 for the past year, compared with £750,159 for the previous year, and the dividend is again 35 per cent. for the year, the amount to be carried forward being increased from £1,140,892 to £1,249,596.

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Correspondence

New Heart to Toryism

To The Editor THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have now become a regular reader of your paper and I do much admire the straightforward contributions which have appeared in your last two issues. I think that the banning of your publication for November 11th, by certain firms, has been a very good advertisement for you. Lady Houston's Armistice message was splendid.

Lord Lloyd's recent activities and especially great speech recently have given new heart and encouragement to all real Conservatives and those who love their Country. I also hope that his message and his ideas will be a turning point in the fortunes of the Conservative Party and that this Party, to which I have always belonged, will, without any further delay, appoint new and fearless Leaders, who will not be afraid of carrying out a bold policy based on real National and Conservative principals.

JOHN H. YOUNG.

"Zermatt," 35, Hitchen Hatch Lane, Sevenoaks.

Proposed Filmgoers' Association

SIR,—It is proposed to form a Filmgoers' Association, membership of which will be open, at a purely nominal subscription, to all who are interested in seeing good films and generally in raising the level of cinema programmes. Somewhat similar local bodies have recently been formed on the Merseyside and elsewhere, but this is intended primarily to cover London and the Home Counties, or, say, the London Transport area, which contains nine million people, by far the largest cinema public in the country.

The Association would be conceived on the broadest possible basis, to appeal to every intelligent man and woman, both those who now go to the cinema, and those who would go, or go regularly, if there were more good films to see. It would not be a "high-brow" movement: the primary purpose of the film is entertainment, but it should be intelligent entertainment. It would not encroach upon the province of the Film Society, which exists principally to arrange private performances for its members; and it would co-operate actively with the British Film Institute, whose support is assured.

Such an Association would, of course, offer certain specific advantages to members, but the primary aim would be, by making its membership as large and inclusive as possible, to bring the influence of an intelligent and articulate body of opinion to bear upon film production and exhibition. There is every reason to suppose that the industry would welcome such an organisation.

It is proposed, with the co-operation of the Film Institute, to arrange a public meeting at which the matter could be adequately canvassed and a provisional committee elected. In order to gauge the possible extent of the response, those interested are asked to communicate with the undersigned, when they will be informed in due course of the date and place of the meeting.

W. E. SIMNETT.

24, Elsworth Road, N.W.3.

Divorce—Some Suggestions

SIR,—The Earl of Halsbury might have summarised the evils of which he complains under two heads:

1. That without adultery there can be no divorce;
2. That this has tended to remove the social stigma from adultery.

As to the first, the forbidding of divorce is Church-made law, now repudiated by many Christians, who believe that neither doctrine nor practice should be necessarily stagnant. As to Christ's words, they were directed to the system which permitted the sending back to her family of a wife unheard and powerless to object. Were she an adulteress, she might be stoned off-hand. What have His words to do with the relations of the sexes under modern conditions, except that the marriage

tie should not be lightly regarded, nor dissolved at the whim of the parties?

Instead of enlarging upon reasons for dissolution, already debated *ad nauseam*, why does not his Lordship refer to the recommendations made by a sweeping majority in the Royal Commission of more than 20 years ago, and in particular to that which suggested that after non-cohabitation for three years either party might apply to the proper court for relief?

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

J. K. F. CLEAVE.

Speed

SIR,—I laughed over your humorous correspondent's letter on "Speed."

Obviously to increase the speed of our motor-car is to gain time relative to the motion of our planet.

But that is not the whole story; nature intervenes and sets a limit.

It is no use rushing from Woolwich to Folkestone at 50 miles per hour and expect to find hot luncheon served at 11 o'clock. Potatoes insist on taking $\frac{1}{4}$ hour to cook; roast beef $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours; seedtime and harvest 4 months. The only thing our motorist can do is to rush round and round and wait.

Even if he turned aviator, and crossed from London to New York at the speed of the earth's rotation, so that he leaves London at 6 a.m. and arrives at New York at 6 a.m., nothing is saved. My wireless message announcing his departure is still 5 hours ahead of him. You cannot save time by increasing your speed.

GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR, H. C. WILLET, R.G.A.

28, Powis Street, Woolwich, S.E.

Empire Trade

SIR,—In spite of all protests—and they were numerous and weighty—the Empire Marketing Board has been disbanded, and the exhibitions, first among them the British Industries Fair, in which the Empire Marketing Board took part are closed alike to the Home Country and to the Dominions and Colonies, except at often prohibitive cost. These exhibitions proved of enormous value to the home producer and the Empire overseas in enabling them to bring their products before both buyers and the man-in-the-street; and the loss is one which, without exception, they deplore.

May I make a suggestion by which this loss may to some extent be mitigated? A new buying centre, to be known as British Industries House, is shortly to be opened in London. Could not a way be found of enabling the home producer and the Dominions and Colonies to exhibit there? I feel sure that the organisers, if suitably approached, would offer terms which would be acceptable.

It would be a thousand pities if the admirable work of the Empire Marketing Board, following as it did the pioneering done during the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, were to be altogether discontinued. Here, I suggest, is a way of saving something from the wreckage.

CHARLES VIVIAN.

8, Hare Court, Temple.

The Ungovernable McGovern

SIR,—The Opening of Parliament appears from the newspaper reports to have been made the occasion of an incident in which a politician's sense of political propaganda overcame his sense of the appropriate. I do not think the Speech from the Throne has ever before been commented upon so vocally at the bar of the House of Lords and in the presence of His Majesty. A few hundred years ago such conduct would have been more courageous than expedient, and, although the House of Commons has, since the Bill of Rights in 1689, always been accorded unquestioned Freedom of Speech, it has never claimed the Privilege of advising the King otherwise than as a collective body. Even in these progressive times, when politeness is apt to be regarded by the uninitiated as a mark of weakness or class distinction, and self-assertion is confounded with independence of character, it is a pity when Liberty, which is dear to us all, becomes a mere excuse for License.

HENRY E. LLOYD GARLE.

58, Boundary Road, N.W.8.

The Cinema

The Audacious Miss Mae West

By MARK FORREST

SAMSON once asked a riddle; the question which he put was, "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness," and the answer was, "What is sweeter than honey and what is stronger than a lion?" Whatever came out of the strong in the days of the Philistines, no one can say that to-day the answer is honey, for two more unpleasant pictures than "I'm No Angel," at the Carlton, and "White Woman," at the Plaza, it would be difficult to find; but there is no denying their strength.

Mae West is the particular star of "I'm No Angel"; indeed, she is more than that, because she has written the story and most of the dialogue. She is somewhat large and very blonde, and she vamps men with more success than even Theda Bara achieved at the height of her sinuousness.

But Theda Bara had to keep to the business in hand; she was not allowed to laugh at herself. Mae West does little else. The scalps fall and the wise-cracks fall with them, and most of the latter seem to have been a little too wise for the censor, who has nodded in several places.

The picture is audacious, and those men for whom the American accent and vulgarity have no terrors ought to get a good deal of fun out of it. Mae West's "Come up and see me sometime" drawn through her lips slowly and inarticulately, as no siren before has managed the song, will become as well-known as Greta Garbo's "I tink I go 'ome now." American sophistication has, however, a very limited public in this country, and the provinces will not, I think, take this lively, but crude, example of it to their hearts. Still, with all its vulgarity, its theme is child's play compared with "White Woman."

A Study in the Unpleasant

The picture at the Plaza affords Charles Laughton with another opportunity to present one of his unpleasant character studies in which he has few, if any rivals. Here he is a Mr. Horace Prin who employs men with a past to manage his business which consists of trading bad gin to the natives. Those who saw him in "The Man with Red Hair" have probably not forgotten his characterisation, but as Mr. Prin, whose wife, played by Carole Lombard, forms the apex of a disgusting triangle, his study of a sadist takes another step forward. With his large straw hat, his cockney accent and his walrus moustache he is horrific.

The picture at the Coliseum, sentimental and old-fashioned as the theme is, comes as a breath of fresh air after the innuendos of the Carlton and the crescendos of the Plaza. Lionel Barrymore's study of a country doctor who sacrifices his chances in life on everyone else's altars is a sound piece of work, and he has eradicated, for the moment at any rate, his tendency to overact.

I'm No Angel. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Carlton.

White Woman. Directed by Stuart Walker. Plaza.

One Man's Journey. Directed by John Robertson. Coliseum.

Broadcasting Notes

I HAD hoped after my remarks on Light Entertainment last week to be able to leave this subject alone for some considerable time, but I find that circumstances are too strong for me.

There was a time during the old Savoy Hill days when the B.B.C. had a certain dignity. However much criticism was levelled against it, it always managed to command the respect of the majority of listeners. Perhaps it was because it was tucked away in one of London's backwaters, perhaps it was due to its proximity to the Savoy Chapel, perhaps the starlings in the churchyard had something to do with it. Whatever it was there was but little ranting, press interviews with individual members of the staff were few and far between, and what publicity there was, was devoted evenly to the various aspects of broadcasting.

Now all that has been changed. The B.B.C. stands rather truculently at the top of Regent Street, a scarlet geranium in the buttonhole of its astrakan coat, exchanging nods and becks and wreathed smiles with the gossip writers.

The ordinary public would imagine from a glance at the newspapers that the main purpose of the B.B.C. was to provide more and more light entertainment, that there should be a wink in every wavelength and that broadcasting was just one happy vale of laughter and fun.

Promenade Concerts may come and go, Symphony Concerts are allowed to create not so much as a ripple on the surface of the public consciousness, complicated outside broadcasts are taken as a matter of course, important talks by authoritative speakers are barely even reported, but if a snake dancer appears in a variety programme or if somebody plays the Londonderry Air on a meat axe, articles are written, interviews are granted, photographs are published and we are treated to somebody or other's views on light entertainment.

One would have imagined that after ten years the B.B.C. would have realised that for every single listener who writes a letter saying how much he enjoyed the joke about the Englishman, the Scotsman and the Irishman in "The Footling Follies," there are at least a million listeners who would not deign to put pen to paper on the subject.

I am fairly convinced, in spite of all these inspired and preposterous interviews, that Music is still the backbone of the programmes, that the News is the most eagerly awaited item of the day, and that the people who listen to and enjoy the talks far outnumber those who are titillated by the Fun and Frivolity Department.

Perhaps if the B.B.C. could return to the atmosphere of Savoy Hill things might be different; it is difficult to be flamboyant there. In any case I think the starlings would do the trick.

ALAN HOWLAND.

The Field Marshal Speaks . . .



Roberts of Kandahar—"Remember my two words of 1911—BE PREPARED"